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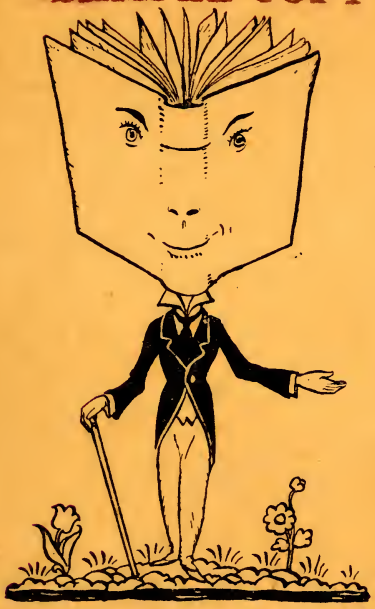

WHAT HAPPENED TO A LIBRARY BOOK

A TALE FOR ALL YOUNG READERS

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WHAT HAPPENED TO A LIBRARY BOOK

A TALE FOR ALL YOUNG READERS

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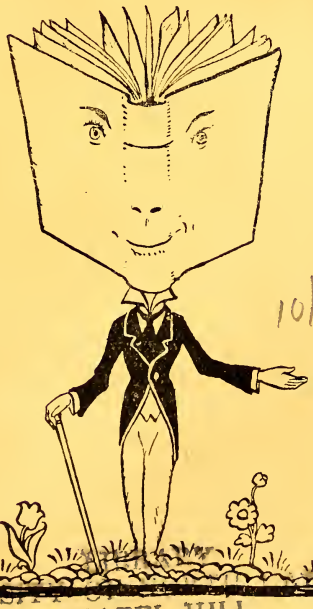

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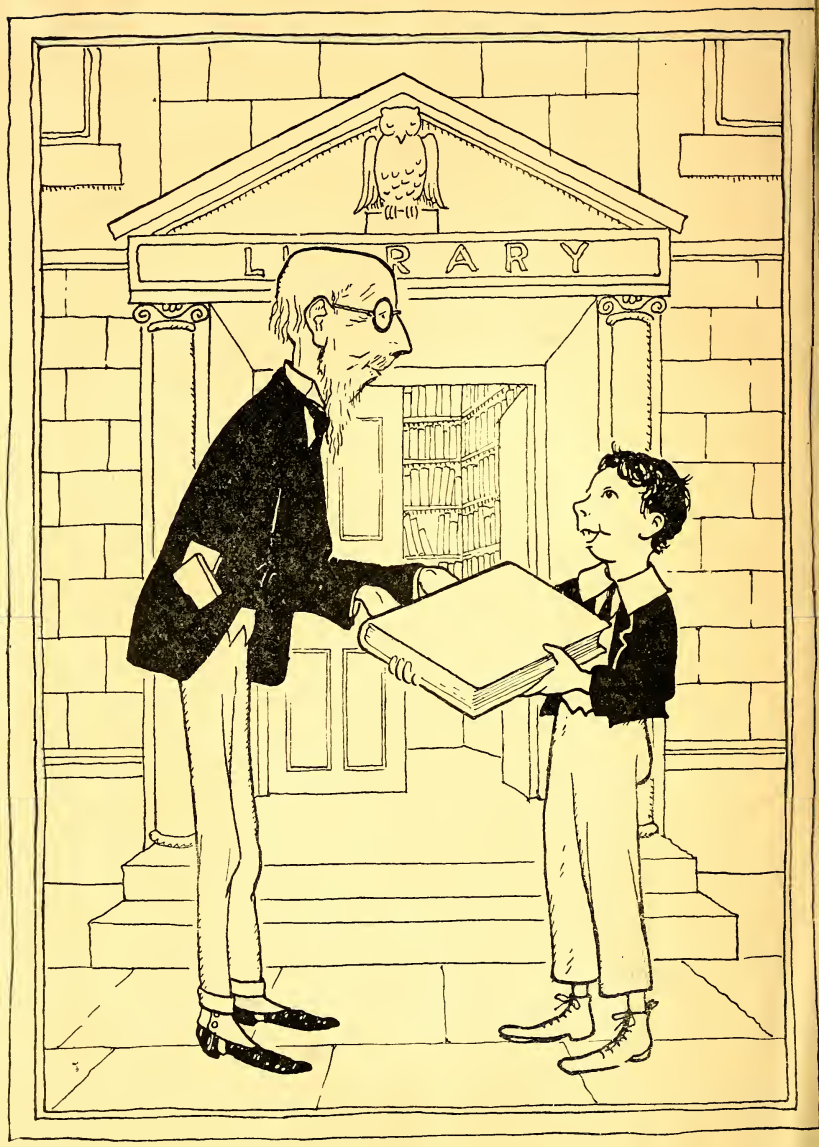
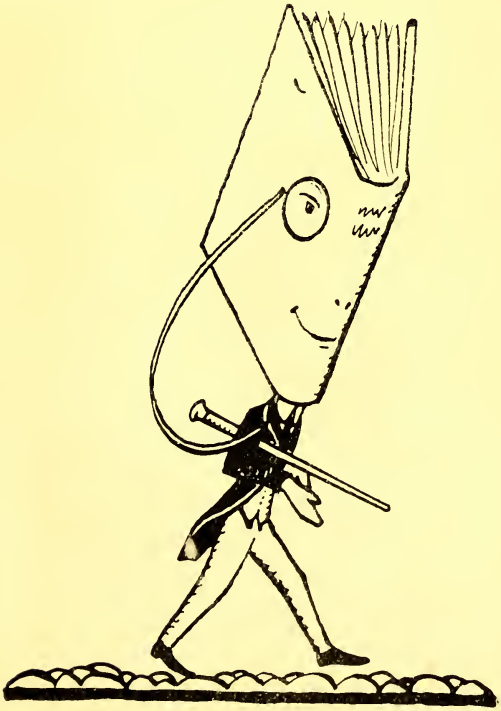

LIBRARY

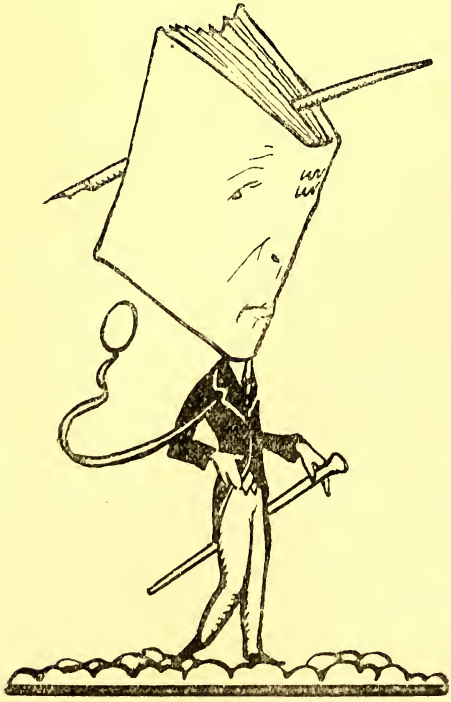
I

A jolly book with pleasing smile
Had left the library in fine style,
So clean and neat, and neat and clean,
A nicer book was never seen.



II

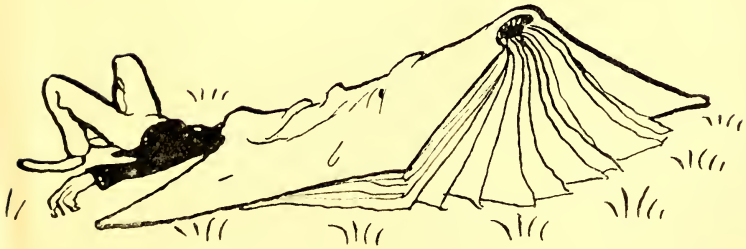
He met a reader on his way,
To whom he'd pleasant things to say.
The reader put him down, and then,
Between his leaves he stuck a pen.
What for? Of course to mark the place.
You should have seen the poor book's face!
With pain his mouth and eyes were screwed.
This was that reader's gratitude!



JAM

III

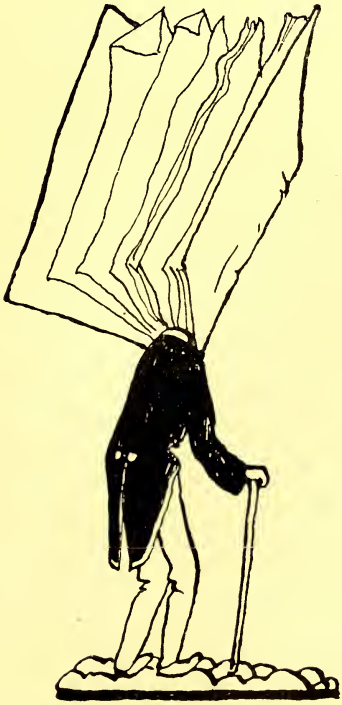
His next adventure was too bad.
A very careless, horrid lad
Turned him face down, and pressed him flat.
'Twas worse than sitting on a hat!
His leaves were crushed, and woe! Alack!
A cripple he, with broken back.
He had no business out at all,
He should have been in hospital.



JAM

IV

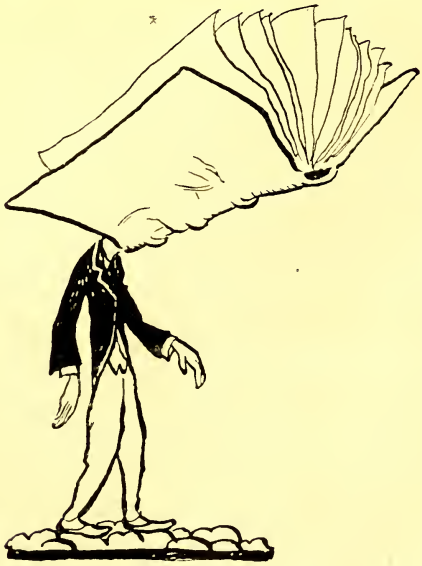
But hobbling on, he shortly met
Another boy, with fingers wet.
His pages which had been so white,
Were now a most unpleasant sight,
All smeared and dirty, and to crown
His crime, he turned the corners down!
He turned the corners down! Oh, what
Will happen to a boy like that?



VIRGIL
LATIN DICTIONARY

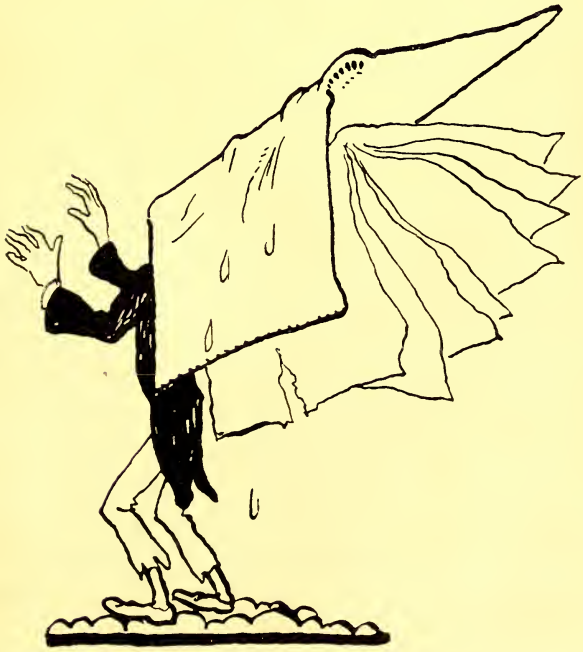
V

The book though dirty, maimed and ill,
Continued on his journey still.
For that is what a book must do,
Go out to him, and me, and you.
A youth, quite fourteen years of age,
Planted his elbows on the page!
At fourteen we should know it's wrong
To use a book to sprawl along.
The strain was great, the leaves gave way,
And hung in tattered disarray,
Just like a dress that's torn and old,
The poor book shivered with the cold!



VI

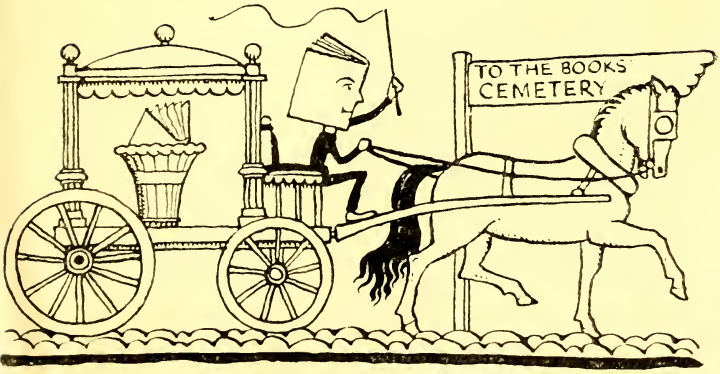
Then someone left him in the rain !
I don't know how long he had lain
In this most wretched state, but when
It ceased, and he was dry again,
The red complexion of his cheeks
Had down them run in ugly streaks !
That jolly book without a speck,
Was now become a perfect wreck.



WASTE PAPER BASK

VII

When he returned, no more himself,
He was not put upon the shelf,
But the librarian, with sad heart,
Laid him in silent grief apart.
No more to interest, or inspire,
And when his kinder friends enquire
For him, he only shakes his head,
And shows them something else instead.



VIII

If he had met with friends who care,
That jolly book had still been there!
And given pleasure unto all
Who for his company did call,
Until his days of service spent,
In honoured age, he died content,
Not cut off in his time of youth,
By readers careless and uncouth.

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